

STEVE VANCLEVE BADLY INJURED

FORMER GREENCASTLE MAN, NOW IN WESSINGTON, S. D. IN FRONT OF MOWING MACHINE, WHEN TEAM STARTS TO RUN AWAY—INJURIES ARE NOT SERIOUS.

HIS SON STOPPED RUNAWAY

Thrown in front of a mowing machine, when the team of horses he was driving started to run away, Steve Vancleve, formerly of this town but now living in Wessington, South Dakota, was badly cut and bruised but luckily escaped without

serious injuries. Vancleve, who was mowing hay on a farm near Wessington, had stopped work for the day, and had walked in front of the machine to unhitch the horses when they started to run. He was knocked down and dragged for twenty feet by the cycle bar, before his son Clarence, who was with him, could stop the team.

Although badly cut and bruised his injuries are not serious. His clothing was virtually cut off his body by the machine.

Schools Day Here Again.

School days are here again. This morning the Greencastle little folks who have been having a vacation for the past three months, had to get up early and get ready for the first day of school. Some were happy in the thought of going to school for the first time, others regretted that the vacation time was over. The first day is given over to the organization of the schools and the purchasing of school books. The book stores were busy today and will be tomorrow. And then the nine months of "Reading, Riting and Rithmatic" will begin in earnest.

THE INTERURBAN LINEMEN STRIKE

TRACTION ELECTRICIANS, DEMANDING AN INCREASE IN WAGES, WALK OUT THIS MORNING—LEADERS CLAIM THEY HAVE WORKED THREE WEEKS ATTEMPTING TO SECURE ADJUSTMENT WITH THE TRACTION OFFICIALS.

TO RESORT TO NO VIOLENCE

Their demand for an increase in wages being refused by the traction officials, the electrical workers of the Indiana traction lines this morning went out on a strike.

So far only the linemen have gone out. The sub-station employees are still at work but the traction company, in order to be safe in case the sub-station men too should go out, have an extra man at each sub-station learning the work.

The demands of the linemen, who have been getting \$2.75 a day, is that their pay be increased to \$80 a month. They want an 8-hour day and pay for overtime. The union demands \$100 a month for the linemen foreman.

The strike effects all of the T. H. I. & Eastern lines. The linemen's headquarters for the Indianapolis to Brazil division is in Greencastle. Frank Riggles, formerly of Plainfield, who took the place of the late foreman, Mr. Morgan, when the latter was electrocuted, Lawrence Graham and Frank Lane are the linemen on this division. They all went out this morning.

With the walking out of the linemen, the union submitted to each newspaper in towns effected by the strike, the following statement which they requested be published:

"Electrical workers walked out Monday in support of demands made by the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in the cities of Indianapolis, Tipton, Terre Haute, Anderson, Muncie, Logansport and Brazil. Taking in the territory of all traction companies in this part of Indiana.

"District Council President Lake has been in this jurisdiction for some time trying to make a settlement of this question. Together with General Vice President Fitzgerald they have met with officials of traction companies but with no results. Mr. Lake has this statement to make through the press: 'For eleven years the traction companies have paid \$2.75 per day with the exception of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Traction Co., which company carries a higher potential of voltage. This company pays \$3 per day. Twelve years ago the traction companies paid a scale of \$3 per day. Commodities of life have increased in the last twelve years but in our case wages have decreased. We as electrical workers regret to strike as we know the public generally feel in time of strike they have to suffer, yet our members feel they have barely existed for a number of years and are now ready to strike to try and gain a little livelihood for themselves and families. If the company officials prefer to employ strike breakers in preference to settling this question with electrical workers, they are to blame for poor service not the strikers. Some of the officials claim they will deal with their men as individuals. Some say their men are satisfied, others want more time to consider whether they will increase their men or not. Our organization feels we have extended every means to try and bring about a peaceful settlement of this question. We have been for three weeks trying to adjust and we received no consideration without a strike and are now forced to use the only power we have to benefit our condition that is to refuse to work until our demands are adjusted.

"Just stop and consider how many of you would take your life in your hands every day for two dollars and seventy-five cents working nine and ten hours each day for these traction companies. Some of the troublemen are required to be on duty twenty-four hours per day, receiving sixty-five dollars per month which would mean \$2.16 cents per day.

We do not have like condition in very few places in this great universe as are enforced by these companies. Bear in mind the vocation of our trade is more hazardous than any other craft, yet we are the lowest paid class of machinics there is in any of the above named cities. Our men are not going to resort to any violence in this strike and solicit the general public and their sympathizers to support the electrical workers in their just demands. Trusting the press in each city will present this case to the public in its true light, and with best wishes for an early settlement, I am

Very Truly Yours,
T. E. LAKE,
President of District Council.

The interurban trains stopped operation at 1:54 o'clock, because of wire trouble caused by the storm. On account of the strike of the linemen, the company had to send men out of Indianapolis to repair the damage, which was between Amo and Coatesville. The agent stated at 4 o'clock that repairs would be completed by 5 o'clock.

DePauw Professor an Author.

A new text book which will be used in DePauw university this year "The Art of Writing English," has lately been issued by the American Book Company. Its authors are Prof. N. Waring Barnes, professor of English Composition of DePauw, and Prof. Rollo W. Brown, professor of Rhetoric and Composition in Wabash College. The text book already has been adopted by several of the larger schools.

Horse Drops Dead.

A horse belonging to Greene Parker, a local contractor, dropped dead on the corner of College Avenue and Walnut street Saturday afternoon about 4:10 o'clock. It was hitched to a gravel wagon with a mule and was going south on College Avenue when the animal fell. Its death was probably due to the intense heat. Mr. Parker valued the animal at \$100.

Come to the band concert and lawn, Monday night, Sept. 8th on the Gardner lawn, corner of Indiana and Park streets.

DO YOU TAKE THE HERALD?

NEGRO ATTEMPTED TO KILL DEPUTY

TRIAL OF JAMES ANDREW JACKSON, BEGUN IN PUTNAM CIRCUIT COURT THIS MORNING—CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTING MURDER OF OFFICER.

TO FINISH CASE TODAY

The trial of James Andrew Jackson, colored, who is charged with attempted murder of Deputy Sheriff Howard Harris, was begun in the Circuit Court this morning. Jackson is the man who on August 2, when ordered to throw up his hands by the deputy sheriff, began shooting at him. After a revolver battle between the two men, in which neither was injured, the negro ran and escaped. He was arrested a few days later near Fern.

W. S. Henry and J. K. Brown, colored attorneys of Indianapolis, are defending the negro, while Prosecutor Sutherland, as prosecuting attorney, is looking after the prosecution. Attorneys for the colored man asked a jury trial and the jury was not selected until noon.

Fred Thomas, Howard Harris and Cleve Thomas, three of those who went to the woods west of town to arrest the man, whom Fred Thomas had found sleeping in his pasture with a revolver in his hand, testified that Jackson, when told to throw up his hands by Harris, dodged behind a log and began firing at the deputy sheriff. The case probably will be finished today.

A GROVELAND BOY IS FINED \$15 AND COSTS FOR PROVOKE

Lex Eggers, a Groveland boy, was before Judge James P. Hughes this morning and fined \$15 and costs, amounting in all to \$20, for provoke. Ambrose Cassidy of the same town filed the charge. Eggers pleaded guilty to the charge and paid the fine.

The trouble occurred Saturday night. Eggers and Cassidy, it seems have had trouble before. Saturday night Eggers met Cassidy as the latter was driving along the road, and accused him of leaving a bunch of switches at his door. Then he threatened to whip Cassidy and dared him to get out of his buggy. Cassidy retaliated by swearing out a warrant charging him with provoke. Sheriff Boes and Deputy Sheriff Harris drove to Groveland Sunday and arrested Eggers.

Wiest-Stroube Wedding.

Donald E. Wiest, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wiest of Indianapolis was united in marriage to Jean L. Stroube, daughter of ex-Sheriff Frank M. Stroube of this city, by the Rev. Beard, pastor of the Christian church at the home of Rupert Bartley, on Indiana street Saturday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

The wedding was a quiet home affair, only the relatives and close friends of the young couple being present.

Mr. Wiest is auditor of the Prestolite Company of Indianapolis and the bride is one of the most popular young ladies of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiest left for Indianapolis this morning where they will occupy their furnished suite of rooms in the Oriental Flats.

The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. Edward Wiest and Raymond Fry, of Indianapolis; Julius Morris, of Danville, and Lillian Stroube, of Roachdale.

Colored Wedding Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Pearl Jones to George Payne of Greencastle, the nuptial affair occurring last Wednesday evening at 8:20 o'clock at the home of Rev. John Cox on North Vandalla street. Mr. and Mrs. Payne will reside in this city.—Brazil Times.

Drake Brookshire, of Roachdale, was in the city Saturday.

REV. AND MRS. TILLOTSON TO BE IN GOVERNOR'S PARTY

Governor Ralston last night announced the names of the Indiana persons who will accompany them to Put-in-Bay, O. where he will speak at a banquet in connection with the Perry celebration Wednesday evening. Those in the party will be Mrs. Ralston, Senator and Mrs. Charles B. Clarke of Indianapolis, the Rev. and Mrs. Demetrius Tillotson of Greencastle, Bert Winters of the state board of accounts, Judges E. W. Felt and Milton B. Hottel of the Indiana Appellate Court, Judge Charles E. Cox of the Supreme Court and Charles A. Greathouse, state superintendent of public instruction. The party will depart in a special car over the Big Four at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning.—Indianapolis Star

ROCKVILLE PRISONER ESCAPES; FORFEITS LIBERTY FOR DRINK

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Sept. 6.—William Chumley, a check forger, who escaped here late last night from Sheriff Edward Nicholas of Rockville, Parke county, while en route to the State Prison, was captured tonight by the local police. As Sheriff Nicholas had returned to Rockville with his commitment, Chumley is held in the city jail.

Chumley entered a saloon tonight on a street that is within three blocks of the prison and got a drink. He was hatless, having lost his cap in the flight from the sheriff. The bartender, who had read the man's description in the papers, went to the telephone and notified the police. An auto patrol arrived before Chumley had left the saloon. He said that he had spent the day in a woods west of the city and that he had come into town to take an interurban car for South Bend.

Sheriff Nicholas came to this city by way of South Bend, where he removed the handcuffs to let the prisoner eat lunch and failed to put them on again. While they were en route to a street car Chumley darted down an alley and escaped. He was recently sentenced at Rockville to serve from two to fourteen years.

"Babe" Best in the League.

According to the sporting editor of the Indianapolis Star "Babe" Charlie Conklin, the Greencastle barber-baseball player-umpire, is the best umpire in the Federal League. "Babe" has been umpiring in the league all season and his ability as an umpire has been favorably commented on during the entire season. Conklin formerly was a baseball player, himself, and knows something about the game. The Indianapolis Star sporting editor speaks right out and says Conklin is the best in the league.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET SCHOOL BOOKS. GET THEM AT SAYERS' BOOK STORE.

"DRYS" WILL NOT DISMISS APPEAL

ATTORNEY THOMAS T. MOORE STATED THIS MORNING THAT MOTION OF "WETS" TO DISMISS ACTION IN CIRCUIT COURT WOULD BE FOUGHT OUT.

MAY ARGUE IT THIS WEEK

Although the "Drys" had intended dismissing the appeal to the circuit court from the decision of the county commissioners, in the local option election petition case, Thomas T. Moore, attorney for the "Drys" stated this morning that the appeal would stand and that the case would be argued before Judge James P. Hughes.

The only reason for the appeal from the commissioners by the "Drys" was to gain time. The "Drys" wanted the local option election delayed until fall, while had they not appealed from the decision of the commissioners the election would have been held the first of August.

Having gained their point in securing a delay by appealing to the circuit court, the "Drys" had determined to dismiss the appeal and allow the commissioners to set a time for the election. They believed that now, since the second ward had been made dry by remonstrance, that the "Wets" would not urge an election.

But Saturday attorneys for the "Wets" Allee, James & Allee, filed a motion in the circuit court asking that the appeal be dismissed. They gave four reasons for asking the dismissal of the appeal. They are:

1. That the order of the County Board of Commissioners is interlocutory and not a final judgment and that ended the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners.
 2. That the commissioners have never made a final order in the case never made a final order in the case.
 3. That the Board of Commissioners never appointed any election commissioners nor inspectors and judges.
 4. And the Auditor of Putnam county never made out and filed a certificate record of said cause.
- Since the "Wets" have filed this motion for dismissal, the "Drys" attorney says the appeal will not be dismissed but that the case will be argued. Judge Hughes has not yet set a time for hearing the arguments but it is probable that the arguments will be made within the next week or ten days.

It is understood, that after the appeal case is decided, the "Wets" will

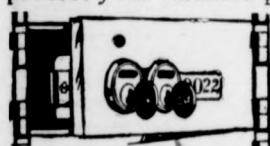
(Continued on Page Four.)



THE fire loss in the United States amounts annually to hundreds of millions of dollars—

but there are many forms of valuables that are not covered by insurance—and when destroyed by fire or taken away by thieves the result is very disastrous.

The San Francisco and Baltimore fires showed what absolute protection the Safe Deposit Vault affords. At a trifling yearly cost you can rent a Safe Deposit Box in our Vaults (fitted with Yale Cylinder Locks) that will protect your valuable papers absolutely.



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We would like to show you some of the new fall gingham we have assembled here for you. They are all of the best makes, Baranaby's, Toile Du Nord, Zepher & Red Seal. There is none better. All guaranteed to be fast colors.

If you are planning a new gingham dress, come in and see our selection before you buy. All the new fall patterns and colorings at such reasonable prices as 10c, 12 1-2c and 15c.

Come in and see the beautiful scrim curtains we are offering at \$1.59, worth \$2. \$5 and \$6 white dresses, smart styles, clearance, \$3.59. \$1.25 and \$1.50 lawn and shambray dresses, clearance, 89c.

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DOING THEIR DUTY.

Scores of Greencastle Readers Are Learning the Duty of the Kidneys.

To filter the blood is the kidney's duty.

When they fail to do this the kidneys are weak.

Backache and other kidney ills may follow.

Help the kidneys do their work.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the tested kidney remedy.

Greencastle people endorse their worth.

Mrs. Belle Hinkle, 609 Illinois St. Greencastle, Ind., says: "Several years ago I suffered from sharp twinges through my loins. I felt tired all the time and had spells of dizziness. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I used them and they brought me instant relief. My back is now strong and I feel better in every way."

The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Hinkle had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 52c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name."

Few Exceptions.

Bix—"I always go by the motto: 'If you'd have a thing done well, do it yourself.'" Dix—"Yes; but suppose you want a haircut?"

Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young women in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 168 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have in ten years. I refer to any one in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers.

Worth Trying.

Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea at Mr. Yorks, the merchant here. He persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured other things that gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Ole, Pa. This is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea is almost invariably cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.

Very Ancient Form of Rheumatism.

The low as a mark, a rheumatism is a custom used by nearly all nations and one that had its origin in ancient times.

Dependency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DO YOU TAKE THE HERALD?

SAFE DRUGGISTS SELL E-RU-SA PILE CURE

BECAUSE it contains no opiates, no lead, no poisonous drug. All other pile medicines contain injurious narcotics and other poisons which cause constipation, perpetuate piles and DAMAGE all who use them. E-RU-SA is a guaranteed cure or 25c forfeit. The most reliable druggists of Greencastle sell E-RU-SA, namely: JONES STEVENS CO. Solely.

THE PRINCESS OF THE ROSES

"Mamma says I must not ask you to tell me any more stories, but she won't tell me why. Do you know why?"

Richard Travers smiled down at the little maiden who was anxiously awaiting an answer to this puzzling question, and then his eyes rested gravely on the child's mother, the beautiful Eleanor Lyndon. Half unwillingly she returned his gaze, and brown and gray eyes met and clasped like drawn steel. "I was afraid Eleanor was annoying you," she explained. "It is always a pleasure to amuse Miss Eleanor," Richard Travers answered gravely. "Well, little one, what is it to be tonight, a tale about bears, tigers, etc?"

"No, a story about a princess," the child said vaguely.

"A princess?" she laughed. "Well, once upon a time—" Instantly the greater part of Mrs. Allerton's guests who were gathered on the broad veranda, clustered around Richard Travers, for he was famed as a story teller.

"Once upon a time there lived a princess. The Princess of Roses someone called her, for she was rarely seen without a spray of crimson roses twined in the shining waves of her hair."

"What a lovely title and how appropriate for Mrs. Lyndon," laughed a pretty girl in pink. "The queen flower is rarely absent from her toilette."

Mrs. Lyndon smiled at the compliment, although a little wearily, the girl who had spoken thought, and she fancied the color had faded quickly from her face when she suggested her connection with the Rose Princess. "As is the privilege of royal personages," he went on, "she selected from her large circle of courtiers, her prince. The Prince loved her dearly, and one night he told her so. The Princess answered that she cared also. But the Prince was poor and the Princess ambitious, and she told him he must go away and make a name and fortune in the big world, and when he returned she would be waiting for him; they would be married and live happily ever afterwards."

"To the Prince, a request of the Princess was a command, and he made immediate preparations for departure to unknown lands where he felt sure he would win fame and fortune."

"For two years he labored under Alaskan skies, ever striving to compel the earth to yield its golden treasure, but Dame Fortune eluded him like a will-o'-the-wisp. At last, heart-sick and weary, he was about to abandon his search for fortune, when the unexpected happened. His claim proved to be the largest for miles around. He was rich beyond his wildest dreams. And now to return to the Princess, but the streets were thronged with people in gay attire, all wending their way to the church, and very unwillingly he was pushed with the crowd almost to the very door of the church. It was evidently a wedding that was in progress, but he was not interested in weddings or anything else that kept him from the Princess."

"He was doing his best to withdraw from the crowd and hasten on his journey, when someone in the rear anxious to see the bride pushed him almost directly in the path of the wedding party."

"Without the slightest interest he glanced at the bride. She returned his gaze, haughtily, defiantly, and swept past him like a young empress on her husband's arm to the waiting carriage. The bride was the Princess, his Princess."

"From the gossiping crowd he learned the story. The man the Princess had married that morning had visited the little village on a hunting expedition. He had become acquainted with the Princess, and they had walked, danced, drove and rode together, and all this time the Prince was starving and dying beneath the cruel Alaskan skies."

The story had grown too deep for the little Eleanor and she had fallen asleep, one tiny hand supporting her curly head.

Everyone was listening breathlessly, Eleanor Lyndon included. Although the night air was warm and laden with the fragrance of countless roses, she shivered as though struck by an icy blast, and she crushed between her trembling fingers a crimson rose, the broken petals falling to the floor like a shower of blood.

"But the wheel of fortune is never idle," Richard Travers continued, his voice hoarse and stern, "and fate has placed a strange reverse in the hands of the Prince. The husband of the Princess and the Prince are engaged in a financial scheme that means everything to the former, and should the Prince withdraw his support, the Princess and her husband will be poorer than ever the Princess was before in her life. Memory of the old days may make him merciful and those same memories may make him hard as steel."

Mrs. Lyndon arose swiftly and woke the little Eleanor. "Come, dear," she said gently, vainly striving to steady her trembling voice.

Richard Travers arose and opened the door. She was sweeping haughtily past him, when he touched her gently to draw her attention. "Forgive me, Eleanor, for making you suffer. I, too, have suffered. But I promise you the Prince will be merciful for the Rose Princess' sake," and turning swiftly he joined the laughing group on the piazza.—KATHRYN M. SULLIVAN.

THE SPEAKER'S DISGRACE.

After Many Delightful Days He Recounted in the Ship's Saloon.

At the afternoon session of the Prohibition convention the delegates, among whom the women greatly predominated, were extremely enthusiastic over the cold water issues; and every resolution in furtherance of the prohibition cause was upheld aggressively and unanimously.

Toward the end of the session the speaker of the day was announced. This gentleman had recently returned from abroad, where he had been recuperating from his arduous work in the behalf of Temperance. Smilingly acknowledging his tumultuous reception, this speaker at once plunged into the pleasant events of his foreign trip.

In the midst of this interesting narration, a lady delegate from a rural district sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"I protest against such goings on as this!" she cried, glaring at the narrator. "It's a shame. I—"

"Sit down!"

"Let him proceed!"

"I won't sit down!" declared the irate delegate, sending a scornful glance at her fellow members. "I say it's a shame, a disgrace and a deplorable thing for that man, who poses as an apostle of Temperance and a hater of ginships, to stand up there and deliberately tell us that on his way across the Atlantic he spent many delightful evenings in the ship's saloon!"—Brooklyn Life.

HIS HOPE.



Professor—Have you heard my last composition?

Gruff Critic—I hope so.—M. A. P.

Off with the Old.

A local paper recounts the following conversation between a minister and a man whose wife was buried that day.

"My brother," said the preacher, "I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one, who has been your companion and partner in life, I will console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved husband replied by asking as he gazed into the minister's face:

"What's her name?"—Tit-Bits.

Detected the Substitute.

The wise young man had ordered lamb chops in the cheap lunch parlor.

"Oh, you kid!" he exclaimed, as the pretty waitress brought in his order.

"How dare you, sir?" she retorted, flushing with indignation.

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, what do you mean by calling me a kid?"

"Excuse me, miss; excuse me a thousand times. I was alluding to the chops. They taste like young goat."—Boston Post.

After Her.

"Darling," said the count, "I have loved you from the moment I first feasted my eyes upon you."

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied the daughter of the American millionaire, "but I am compelled to inform you that I wouldn't give ten cents to become a countess."

"Well, please don't engage yourself to anybody else until I can communicate with my brother, who is a marquis. We must get you into our family somehow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Specialization.

Doctor—What can I do for you?

Patient—I have cut my index finger.

Doctor—Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger.—Fleegende Blatter

Forbidden.

"If you refuse me, Miss Gladys, I shall get a rope and commit suicide."

"No, Colonel, you must not do that. Papa said distinctly he would not have you hanging about here."—M. A. P.

An Infant Hercules.

"Is the baby strong?"

"Well, rather! You know what tremendous voice he has?"

"Yes."

"Well, he'll live or six times an hour."—J.

J. Morton's Sentence

The ponderous doors of the home of the noted eye specialist swung softly to behind the retreating form of a young man, who stumbled rather than walked down the flight of steps that led to the street. His face was drawn and haggard, his square jaws set as if in defiance to the awful sentence which had been imposed upon him, for it had been a death blow to all of John Morton's hopes and ambitions. His gradually failing eyesight had become worse, and with grim determination, he had at last decided to learn his fate. With wildly beating heart, but with outward calmness, he had dropped in one of the world famous specialists. After a careful examination, the doctor gravely shook his head.

"Tell me truthfully, 'what you think of my case, doctor,' the young man had commanded, and the sentence of doom that was pronounced rang in his ears to his dying day."

"Within a year you will be totally blind. I can do nothing for you. Your continuous study has been an additional strain on your eyes and only by giving up your practice and going out into the open, on a farm or ranch, can you hope to retain even a vestige of sight."

"But even at that, eventually I will become blind?" The doctor hesitated. "Tell me," again insisted the young man.

"I am afraid the age of miracles is past," the doctor said sadly. John paid his fee, donned his hat and coat and stumbled out into the crisp autumn air. He winced as the brilliant sunshine fell on his uncovered eyes. With a groan he placed his gloved hand before them to shield them from the direct rays.

Of what consequence, he thought bitterly, were his early struggles, his devotion to his work, the applause of his admiring friends. Would he not gladly give all now to be able to step down into the ranks of those blessed with God's most wonderful—good sight?

The one oasis in the dreary desert of his mind was the thought a new terror came upon him. How could he expect her to share the future living death that was before him, and yet—how could he live without her? He paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow with a hand that trembled like a woman's.

If Evelyn learned how seriously he was afflicted her loving generosity would prompt her to give up everything which made life dear, to sacrifice herself for a hopeless case like this. But she must not know. He would straighten out his affairs as best he could in a day or two, and then he would go away—somewhere—and maybe—some time—he would tell her all, but not now. She would not grieve long. Women never do. She would eventually marry someone who would protect her better than he, a helpless blind man, could.

He had come to the bridge that spanned the sparkling river. He leaned wearily against the iron railing and watched the turbulent, tossing waters flowing swiftly beneath. Soon the dark night of blindness would be upon him, shutting forever from his view the beauties of the day. Mutely he raised his eyes to the blue heavens bending over him. He fancied he could see his mother's sweet, sympathetic face framed in the fleecy clouds, and an indescribable peace stole upon him. With a heavy sigh he turned and walked toward the city.

On leaving the doctor's office he had not noticed across the street a young woman with wind-tossed hair and rosy cheeks, who seemed to be enjoying to the fullest extent the long walk she had taken into the suburbs. She had seen him and was startled by his haggard appearance. Her first inclination was to call out to him, but seeing the hopeless gesture when he raised his hand to shield his eyes, the terrible truth dawned upon her startled brain. John's rapid strides had taken him well up the street when she crossed swiftly and entered Dr. King's vestibule. Soon she was ushered into his presence.

"Dr. King," she began excitedly, "John Morton was here just now. What did you tell him?" The doctor was startled by her vehemence, but he was an old friend of the family and knew Evelyn since her childhood.

"Won't you be seated?" he asked her in a kindly tone. The girl declined. "You're engaged to John, I believe." The girl nodded in the affirmative, impatiently waiting the information she sought. "Poor chap, I was sorry I had to tell him, but he demanded the whole truth and there's no beating around the bush with a man like John."

"I told him within a year he would be totally blind, unless he gave up his profession and went on a ranch or farm." Evelyn's face had turned slowly white. "Blind," she gasped, catching at the chair for support. "Oh, I must go to him," she said with a low wail of anguish in her voice. "He will need me now."

The midday Angelus was ringing in a nearby church as Evelyn stepped off the elevator before John's office. Noiselessly she stepped in. John sat at his desk, his face buried in his hands. Evelyn moved forward softly and laid a light, caressing touch upon his bowed head. "John," the young man started to his feet. The girl smiled bravely through fast gathering tears. "I know all, dear, and I came to tell you I want to share your ranch."—MARY DAVIS.

FABLE OF THE PROUD YOUTH.

He Found the World a Shockingly Tough Oyster When Kicked.

Once upon a time there was a Proud Youth who had attained that memorable time of life when he nourished a Lovely Mustache that promised to be even more Lovely after a few discouraging years had passed, and this Proud Youth knew so much that he realized that it would be impossible for him, or anybody, ever to know more.

"The time has now come," said the Proud Youth, as he looked about him, "when I am scheduled to Do Things. I have a Very Superior Education and a Perfectly Irresistible Diploma, I feel the Flood of Genius throbbing in my veins, and it is evident that the world is mine oyster. Methinks I will step out and pick it up."

(It might be mentioned right here that the neighbors had not noticed the Flood of Genius; but neighbors are so blind!)

So the Proud Youth stepped out to pick up the oyster, but unfortunately it would not pick; it acted almost as if it objected to being unhitched from its moorings by any one man.

Then was the Proud Youth sorely disgusted, and he said, "You won't, won't you!" and he wrenched at the oyster eagerly; and he wrenched again and yet again; and he pulled and yanked and hauled until his hands were sorely cut and bleeding; yet did the oyster not pick.

"Dern such an oyster!" the Proud Youth muttered, "it is not what it has been alleged to be. Evidently I must kick it loose."

So the Proud Youth drew back his foot and kicked with might and might and main—and he still is nursing his toe and wondering when it will get well; but the oyster still is unopened, and whether the Proud Youth (not quite so proud now) ever will pick it remains to be seen; but I am among those who sit in the seats of the scornful and offer to bet that he will not. It is sad about the Proud Youth, is it not, my little ones. Still, we should heed the disagreeable—

Moral: The world is a shockingly tough oyster!—San Francisco Call.

FASHIONS OF TO-MORROW.



The men wear hobbled garments as well as the women.—Journal Amusant.

Pensioners.

Col. W. P. Brownlow, secretary of the National Soldiers' Home, said at a dinner in Brownsville, Tenn.: "They are great wags, the old soldiers in our Johnson City home. I heard one of them describe the other day a very fierce and famous action. Two hundred men had been pitted against 300, and after the fighting only sixty brave fellows—thirty on each side—remained alive. The old soldier paused solemnly. 'Of that sixty, boys,' he said, 'there only survive to-day'—Overcome, he blew his nose violently. 'There only survive to-day, by actual statistics, 417.'—Louisville Times.

Delays of the Law.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What did he say?"

The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half hour's argument followed, and the Judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later they filed into the courtroom and announced that the question might be put.

"Well, what did the plaintiff say?"

"He weren't at home, sir," came the answer.—The Housekeeper.

The Cat Came Back.

Bacon—Did you ever try to lose a cat?

Egbert—Oh, yes. I hit upon a plan which I thought would work. I wrote a note, inclosing \$10, and tied both about the cat's neck. The note read: "Finder may keep both the cat and the money."

"And how did it work?"

"The cat came back the next day with another note tied to its neck. The note read: 'Don't need the cat, but can use the money. Please send \$10 more.'—Yonkers Statesman.

Give It a Rest.

"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me."

"There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue, what does that need?"

"That needs rest, too," replied the doctor.—Judge

An Exchange of Amenities.

Neighbor—How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?

Ditto—That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a brick.—Jewish Ledger.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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House Furnishing and Undertaking Phone 88

LEGAL RATES

2 PER CENT -- LOANS -- 2 PER CENT

Cheapest Money Ever Loaned. Some of the Following Rates

\$25.00	3 Mo.	\$1.50	\$50.00	3 Mo.	\$3.00
75.00	3 Mo.	4.50	100.00	3 Mo.	6.00

We will loan you from one to twelve months time, from 10 to \$250. Figure your own rates—2 per cent per month interest. Compare these rates with what you have been paying. Call and talk it over. No loan no charge.

Brazil Loan Co.
COR. VINE AND WASHINGTON STS.
GREENCASTLE, INDIANA
THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK

TRUSTEES' NOTICES.

Madison Township.

I will be at my office at my residence each Wednesday and Saturday to transact the business of Trustee of Madison Township.

WILL STRUBE.

MIH Creek Township.

I will be at my home in Mill Creek Township on Wednesday and Saturday of each week to transact the business of my office.

ERNEST KIVETT.

Jackson Township.

I will be at my office in Jackson Township every Friday to transact the business of my office as trustee.

BENJAMIN WALIS.

Jefferson Township.

I will be at my residence each Tuesday and Saturday of each week to transact the business of my office.

ALIVER STRINGER.

Monroe Township.

I will be at Bainbridge each Wednesday to transact the business of my office.

D. E. ETCHESON.

Floyd Township.

I will be at my residence in Floyd Township on each Wednesday to transact the business of my office.

FRED TODD.

Marion Township.

I will be at my residence in Marion Township on Friday of each week.

and Tuesday at Fillmore to transact the business of my office.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of Putnam county will receive sealed bids for making alterations and repairs at the county jail of said county, and for new work, alterations and repairs of the county asylum of said county, plans, profiles and specifications of which work are on file in the office of the County Auditor of said county. Said bids will be received up to Sept. 16th, 11 o'clock a. m. 1913. Each bidder must accompany his bid with a bond of double the amount of his bid conditioned that he will enter into contract and perform work in accordance with requirements of plans, profiles and specifications if bid is accepted.

C. L. AIRHART, Auditor of Putnam County, Indiana.

1t DH Sept 2 It W Sept 5.

HERALD WILL BE 10 CENTS A WEEK.

Always buy



Don't hesitate

Minutes Mean Dollars IN TREATING ANIMALS

Don't you know the danger of delay in treatment of colic and other diseases? And also realize that wrongly applied remedies are often worse than no treatment at all. In other words, not to diagnose a disease accurately may prove fatal. Every owner should be able to recognize an ailment and give correct treatment at the first symptoms. Prompt action is the great secret of treating horses.

Minutes mean dollars. Of course proper treatment is necessary. That's just how Humphreys' Veterinary Remedy will prove so valuable for you. It is by F. Humphreys, M.D., V.S., and teaches how to diagnose and give proper treatment.

This book will save you hundreds of dollars and cost nothing. It will be sent absolutely free on request to any farmer in order to introduce Humphreys' Veterinary Remedy. Remember, it's absolutely free. You do not have to order any remedies to secure the book. Address: Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Company, 106 William Street, New York City. This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a veterinary treatise that you should have in your library. As a reference work you will find it invaluable. To have it in the time of need will be worth many dollars, whereas it will cost you but a postcard by writing for it now.

Will Use Electricity. It is thought that electric lights will ultimately take the place of all others in lighthouses. The difficulties in the way are being gradually overcome.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.
Saves the
nature of
Castor Oil.

Good Voice to Be Prized.
A soft, well-modulated voice is of far greater assistance in the world, even in the marriage market, than personal beauty. There are few things which possess a more definite value as a commercial asset than graciousness of manner and gentleness of tone. We are not born with harsh voices; we acquire them—by change.

Caught a Bad Cold.
"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely. For sale by all dealers."

Why It Has Lasted.
Linen that was wrapped around mummies 4,000 years ago and is still as good as new has been found in Egypt by Prof. Flinders Petrie. It is assumed that the linen has never dried the 4,000 years since it was first used because sent to a laundry.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
W. W. TUCKER
Physician and Surgeon.
Office Vine street, between Washington and Walnut St. Greencastle Ind.

DR. O. F. OVERSTREET
Dentist.
Office in Bence Building, South Vine St., Greencastle, Ind.

State Fair Special to Indianapolis.
Leaves Greencastle at 7:31 a. m. Sept. 10 and 11 over Pennsylvania Lines. Returning, the train leaves Indianapolis 7 p. m.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS.
West, Southwest and Northwest.
Pennsylvania Lines (Vandalia Railroad.) For particulars consult Ticket Agent.

COAL
In Car Load Lots
Order your winter supply now for August and September deliveries and save big per cent.
THOMAS BUGGY CO.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
W. M. McGAUGHEY,
Physician and Surgeon.
Residence, corner Bloomington and Seminary streets.
Telephone: Office, 327; Res., 339.
Office in Evans' Block No. 24 South Jackson street.

Leisha's Choice

"Who is there?"
The door burst open on the words, and Leisha stood on the narrow porch, swinging a leather strap against her short skirt. Her eyes lighted with merriment on the visitor who had swung from his horse, and tapped the step with his whip to attract her attention. At his eager inquiry, she shook her head.

"Not to-day, Dan," she said gently. "Tomorrow?"
"Well—er—perhaps."
His face clouded.
"You haven't been riding with me lately," he said slowly. "It's that Randon."
He bit off the last savagely.

"Now, Dan! Not jealous? No, you are too big for that."
She hesitated, fingering the strap in her hand.
"I am going down to Hilton with Mr. Randon to-day," she said at last, adding hastily, "I will go with you to-morrow, Dan. Up to the old place."

He turned in silence, and mounted his horse very slowly.
The girl ran out to him, and put up a pleading hand.
"Cross?" she queried gently. "We are too good friends to quarrel."
"No," he said shortly; then he reached suddenly for her hand and crushed it fiercely.

"Till to-morrow," he said, and putting spurs to his horse, he rode off down the trail.
Leisha watched him out of sight, then slowly went back to the house. An hour later she was off with Randon.

Leisha thrilled as she looked up at his straight figure. The significance of that day was very obvious to her. She was to meet Randon's mother and sister, and see the manner in which they lived in Hilton. Next week they would return to their home in New York, and Randon, his health recovered, would go back to business there. They came into town about noon. It was a mushroom Western town, sprung up over night in a plain below the hills. At one end were a group of white villas, with tiny strips of lawn and wide cool awnings. To the mountain-bred girl they were palatial, and her instinctive refinement rose to meet the occasion. She summoned the man of her Eastern school days to her assistance as they swept up before the most pretentious of the villas.

Mrs. Randon came out to meet them, and the girl crimsoned before the patronizing curiosity of her gaze. "This is Miss Fenton," said Randon, and there was pride in his tones. The girl felt the chilling reserve in his mother's response, and her face grew hotter. She thought of her short, rough skirt and high, stout boots. She did not know how bright her eyes were, how pink her cheeks, how her lips curled up into tempting curves, and her brows arched in pencilled lines against her forehead.

Randon's sister was better. She was a frank, happy girl, but Leisha quailed before the unconscious ease of her manner, the elegant simplicity of her dress.
They had luncheon in the cool, exquisite dining room. Randon sat beside his guest and sought to put her at her ease, but in these surroundings he too had assumed terrifying proportions, and she did not breathe freely till they were well on their way back. And then he told her what she had long suspected; that he loved her.

"I don't know," she faltered, "I cannot tell you now. I think I am a little confused."
His answering glance was quizzically tender.
"I understand," he said gently, "I will wait till Friday."
When he lifted her from her horse, he pushed back her curls and kissed her forehead.

"I will wait till Friday," he repeated, and was off, a brave, bright picture of self-assurance.
It was early when Dan came for her in the morning, the dew hardly dry on the grass.
His face was very stern, a contrast to her own mood of gaiety. For some reason she was filled with bubbling irrepressible joy. She alternately sang and chafed the silent figure by her side, her laughter echoing far down the trail before them.

A NEW POLICEMAN'S ERROR.

Allowed a Gentleman to Pass Who Opened a Jewelry Store.

Hogan had not been on the police force long and his duty had been confined to the outlying districts. But an emergency arose which required that Hogan and others be brought to the downtown section for duty. The lieutenant called Hogan before him and told him above all other things he must keep an eye open for suspicious-looking and acting people and strangers.

About 2 a. m. Hogan met a well-dressed man sauntering along. Remembering his instructions Hogan asked the stranger where he was going and what his business was. The stranger replied politely that he had been unable to sleep and so had come out for a stroll. He was stopping at the Central House and expected to open up a jewelry store in the city. Would Hogan have a cigar?

Hogan would.
When Hogan reported at 6 a. m. the lieutenant asked if the policeman had seen any strangers.
"No," said Hogan—and then he remembered. "Well, I did, too," he said, and then told of meeting the man who couldn't sleep. "He said he expected to open a jewelry store—" Hogan explained.

"Well, he did," said the lieutenant. "And after he had opened it he took away about \$5,000 worth of stuff."—Silent Partner.

An Unsolicited Testimonial.
The lady with the glinty eyes and the pink elbows bounced into the grocer's shop and accosted the proprietor. "Morning," she said, affably. "I'd like another dozen of them eggs you sent me yesterday."

"Certainly," smiled the shopkeeper. "Are you making puddings again?"
"No, thank you," sniffed the lady. "I want those eggs for something more profitable this time. They're going to get me let off this quarter's rent."

"Indeed! Are you going to offer your landlord some appetizing pancakes?"
"Not exactly," said the customer. "You see, it's this way. He's coming round this morning for the money, so if I crack them eggs and hide 'em in our back yard it's ten to one he'll cry quits about the rent, thinkin' it's the drains."

Then the shopkeeper's professional smile quickly faded.—Tit-Bits.

Explained.
Two young lovers in a good-night embrace in the entrance hall were surprised by the girl's elder sister coming in.
"We were seeing which is the taller," the young man explained in confusion.
"You are about ten inches taller than Edith," said the sister, "and she is at least ten shades redder than you."—Everybody's Magazine.

TWO OFFICIALS.
"What is he doing now?"
"Cleaning out a bank."
"President or janitor?"—New York Telegram.

Practical.
A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall engage in grammar, as I prefer engage in useful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and I can't say as they did me no good, I prefer her engage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano."—Burr Oak Herald.

Attracted by Steel Magnate.
A belated pun, with Andrew Carnegie as the victim, is being circulated at Washington. The ironmaster was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnate over there."

The Science of Deduction.
"Yo' isn't never stopped at de Palace Hotel befo', is yo', Boss?" inquired the colored man who was piloting a just-arrived traveler from the railway station to the hotel.
"No. But what makes you so sure of it?"
"Uh-kase yo' re dar now, sah."—Puck.

Always put on to-night what you are going to put on in the morning.—Princeton Tiger.

Little Girl

Sydney Mannerling surveyed the brilliant scene with a bored expression; such gatherings had long since ceased to interest him. Some half dozen years ago he had entered the great metropolis, a struggling author with high ideals and wonderful hopes; refused to be cast down by repeated repulses and defeats, and pushed his way with the aggressive self-confidence of youth, certain of his ultimate success. That he had succeeded, his presence at this great lady's house proved conclusively. Mrs. Bellivan was noted for the avidity with which she seized upon the "lions" of the season—the authors, musicians and travellers—and when Sydney Mannerling's "The Reward" was proclaimed the book of the year, she took immediate possession of the young author.

At first it had been happiness for Mannerling to mingle with these people. To-night the inane chatter and heavy perfumes made him long for a breath of pure country air, for the rough, sincere people who were, after all, his own people, and most of all for the little girl who had undoubtedly loved him, and whom he had sacrificed to his career.

What a wonderful little girl that had been! She had been his balm for all worries, never palling on him, since never the same two consecutive minutes. Oftentimes she would perch demurely on the arm of his chair, listening sympathetically to his hopes and ambitions, and interrupting only to encourage; suddenly she would leap down, execute some fantastic dance, and bring up breathlessly at his side with an irresistible air of compunction, eluding his proffered caress. This elusiveness had been her chief attraction, as also the fact of her being somewhat of a mystery to him, as she never volunteered any information concerning herself, although once, when in a despondent mood, she had spoken in a disouraged way of her career, vouchsafing him, however, no further knowledge of this "career."

He had not urged her, absorbed as he was in himself, to the exclusion of almost everything else.
In this large and merry crowd Mannerling felt heart hungry. He realized with a pang that these people did not really care for him; would not even tolerate his presence should fortune cease to smile on him. Yet with the usual desire for the unattainable he had wished for just this life—had not appreciated the world of happiness within his grasp. He groaned inwardly at the recollection of the evening he had last called on her, to inform her of his intended departure for New York. Thrilled with a sense of coming struggle, he did not then observe her silence and whiteness, but unconsciously they had left an indelible impression on his mind. She had inquired, with a pathetic attempt at airiness, if he wouldn't miss "Little Girl"; and with thoughtless brutality he had answered that his work would probably engross all his attention, leaving him little time for vain regrets. Only at the door had he asked her, perfunctorily, about her plans for the future. A trifle tremulously she had replied, "Oh, I have my career, too." She had loved him, then. Too late he was discovering that he loved her, loved in fear, lest he find her another's.

"Eh, there, Mannerling, why so glum?" Garrulous Stone was at Mannerling's elbow. "Don't you know that we're to have the sensation of the evening now? Miss Worthley, the pianist, is to grace this occasion with her divine presence. Just been discovered, and society's gone mad over her. Beats me how Mrs. Bellivan manages to inveigle all the 'catches' into her net! Well, what's happening now?"

His amazement was shared by Mannerling, for suddenly all the lights had been extinguished, leaving the room enveloped in darkness, save where the moon shone in through some unshrouded windows at one end of the large room, where, seated slim and erect at a piano, was a small, graceful figure, with head inclined slightly, as if seeking inspiration from her thoughts. Mannerling staggered forward. That slight form—was he dreaming, or had she appeared in answer to his soul's call?

But hush! The first tones were trembling on the stillness, as with a simple, caressing touch she begins Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." She is not merely playing it; as she produces the sustained and haunting tones she seems to be herself living the theme. It is a story of the sorrow and suffering of a lost soul, as of one weeping with unutterable woe, heartbroken and hopeless. Then it is as if the sun were rising to part the clouds, and the mourner, feeling the pulsings of a new hope stirring within, stretches forth its arms with dazed and faltering cheerfulness. But swiftly the sun sets and the agitated soul plunges forward in the darkness, driven by an agony of despair; struggling and failing, now exulting in victory, now moaning with failure, ever reaching to light, ever rushing onward—onward—until breathless, exhausted and overcome, it sinks to the ground. And now the pitying angels slowly appear and softly and tenderly take to themselves the crushed—

A hushed and strained silence more eloquent than thunderous applause ensued. Suddenly a man sprang forward, strained the motionless form at the piano to his breast hungrily, and oblivious to his surroundings murmured brokenly, "Little Girl."—DEBORAH WARANOW.

An Opportunity to Attend

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT at Chattanooga, Tenn. and Lookout Mt.

Seldom is a G. A. R. Encampment held so near and where such low fares are given as is the case this year. September 11th to Sept. 18th the Monon Route will have on sale excursion tickets to Chattanooga at fare of \$11.60 from Greencastle. Return limit Sept. 28th with privilege of extending same to Oct. 17th. Special cars leave Greencastle at 3:25 p. m. Sunday, Sept. 14th and will be attached to Department Special at Louisville.

For reservations and further information address
W. W. GILGIS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Monon Route, Bedford, Indianapolis.
Sept 10th.

His Only Chance.
Poet (raising his glass)—"A glorious fluid! A whole poem is contained in it." Skeptical Friend—"Then in heaven's name, swallow it down quick."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Girls, don't depend upon powder and paint for a lovely complexion, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea once a week. For sale by the Owl Drug store.

Something Cruel About It.
Benevolent Party—"Don't you think fishing is a very cruel sport?" Angler—"Cruel? Well, I should say so. I've sat here three days and not had a bite, been nearly eaten up by gnats and stung by two wasps, lost my pocket-knife in the river, and the sun has taken all the skin off the back of my neck."

Like liquid electricity—gets you hustling, bustling, happy, care-free, Hollister's R. M. Tea is what everyone needs 35c. For sale by the Owl Drug store.

Mending Chairs.
To tighten joints in a chair when gluing the rungs in place, put a double rope about them and wind up the rope with a stick as tightly as possible, catching the stick under a rung to hold there until the glue has hardened.

"You should worry and get more wrinkles," don't do it Hollister's R. M. Tea drives cares and worries away. 35c. For sale by the Owl Drug store.

Explaining Away the Facts.
Well-bred people now do not talk about "the world, the flesh and the devil," they speak of the "environment, heredity and circumstances."—D. L. Moody.

LESS BOWEL TROUBLE IN GREENCASTLE.

Greencastle people have found out that A SINGLE DOSE of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adlerika, the German bowel and stomach remedy, relieves constipation, sour stomach or gas on the stomach INSTANTLY. This simple mixture became famous by curing appendicitis and it draws off a surprising amount of old foul matter from the body. It is wonderful how QUICKLY it helps. For sale by Jones-Stevens, druggists.

Leading to Higher Things.
Men and women are created by impugning to them noble qualities of which they are not conscious; and by giving them responsibility.

For First-Class VAULT WORK At Reasonable Prices.
Phone 2 on 718.
CHAS. WYATT.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
MONON ROUTE TIME TABLE.
(In effect Nov. 24, 1912, at 5:00 a. m.)
North Bound.

4	1:54 a. m.
10	9:57 a. m.
6	12:38 p. m.
3	2:26 a. m.
South Bound.		
12	5:50 p. m.
5	3:25 p. m.
11	8:56 a. m.
9	5:21 p. m.

J. D. ELLIS, Agent.
—000—
Big Four.

Going West	Going East
8:30 a. m. (Ex. Sun.)	2:03 Daily
5:24 a. m. (Ex. Sun.)	3:47 (Ex. Sun.)
12:28 p. m. Daily	9:10 (Ex. Sun.)
1:20 a. m. Daily	4:17 Daily
—000— Vandalia R. R. Co.	
Going West	Going East
8:58 a. m.	2:19 a. m.
4:13 a. m.	2:55 p. m.
3:12 p. m.	1:53 p. m.
4:11 p. m.	6:03 p. m.
6:03 p. m.	9:03 a. m.
12:59 p. m.	4:46 p. m.
12:23 a. m.	

Take Home a Loaf of Square Deal Bread

Not only the highest in quality but the largest 10 cent loaf made.

At All Grocers.

Miller - Parrott Baking Co.

CHASE & SANBORN

A TEA AND COPPEE NAME OF SATISFYING FAME

These famous Teas and Coffees are sold in Greencastle only by

GROGAN & MILLER**NEW WALL PAPER**

4000 rolls of New Wall Paper just received. These papers consist of medium and low priced patterns. We would be pleased to supply your Wall Paper needs.

Jones, Stevens & Co.

We are now baking those famous doughnuts and Bismarks. Fresh every morning. There are none as good as ours.

ZEIS & CO.

Grocers and Bakers

Phone 67

WANT ADD COLUMN

FOR SALE—One spring and mattress, \$25.00; one Brussels rug, \$25.00; one Florence Heater second large size, \$10.00; 1 set of dining chairs, \$3.50. **GEORGE COTTON.**

FOR RENT—Three nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Good water; fine location. Mrs. Howard Briggs, 410 E. Walnut street.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Mrs. Charley Zeis.

CHICKEN PICKERS WANTED—Women and girls to dress poultry. Steady employment. Greencastle Produce Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bettis spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

C. C. Hurst is in Russellville today on business.

Miss Irene Selby spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

T. J. Nixon and daughter, of Cloverdale, spent Sunday with Miss Lou Pollard on east Hanna street.

Miss Helen Torr will leave in a short time for DeWitt, N. D., where she will teach the coming year.

Paul Althart, Albert Huffman and Jack Bridges have gone to Pine Bluff to spend a week camping.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Ader, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday with Miss Martha Biddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mathias and sons are visiting Mrs. Mary Mathias at Seminary street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Trabue have left for New York where they will enter Columbia university.

Miss Dorothy Warner and Miss Thelma Bastain visited Miss Edith Bastain in Indianapolis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and Miss Ruth Lane spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Alexander at Belle Union.

Charles Rice, day clerk at the Commercial Hotel, has returned from London, O., where he has been on a two weeks' vacation.

John Brothers, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Brothers on south Locust street, fell Sunday afternoon and broke his collar bone. The youngster was running down the pavement in front of his home when he tripped and fell heavily to the ground. He will be able to attend school in a few days.

Mrs. John James and daughter Kathleen have returned from Indianapolis after a short visit with relatives.

Francis Shildmyer, who has spent the summer here with relatives, was accompanied to his home in Marion Sunday by Miss Lula Shildmyer.

Mrs. P. K. Buskirk of Bloomington, formerly of this city, returned home after a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. James McD. Hays today.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Evans spent Sunday in Cloverdale.

James Merryweather was in Indianapolis Saturday.

Lester Cunningham spent Sunday in Brazil.

H. F. Ferrand visited Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Lewis at Cloverdale Sunday.

Ralph McCoy is working for Harry Moore in the Dairy Lunch.

Jack Bryson, of Brazil, is in the city on business.

Miss Maybert Beaman, of Cloverdale, spent Saturday in the city.

Will Graham is in Indianapolis today.

Paul C. Hill made a business trip to Indianapolis today.

P. A. Hays is transacting business in Indianapolis today.

Hubert Jordan made a business trip to Indianapolis today.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bates are attending the State Fair at Indianapolis this week.

Walter Letzler, of Terre Haute, a graduate of DePauw, is spending a few days in the city.

Fleming Lynch, who is working on the Big Four at Terre Haute, spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Ruth Stroube left this morning for Indianapolis, where she will enter business college.

Jasper Miller, ex-treasurer of Putnam county, of Bainbridge, is in the city on business today.

Cecil Stringer and Charles Keller of Belle Union, were visitors in the city Saturday.

E. P. Mathers has left for Bay Minette, Ala., where he will spend the winter.

Rev. G. H. L. Beaman was in Auburn Sunday where he delivered a lecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stoner are spending a few days in French Lick and West Baden.

Claude M. Ogle has returned from Bicknell, Ind., where he has spent the summer, for the opening of DePauw.

Jaef Kelfer, who is employed with the Big Four, has returned to his work at Indianapolis after spending Sunday with relatives in this city.

Walter Vogelsang, of Cincinnati, foreman of the Big Four Automatic Signal Company, spent Sunday in the city.

Richard Hazelett has moved from the corner of Hill and Jackson streets to the corner of Chestnut and College avenue.

Miss Mabelle Jackson has gone to Roachdale where she will teach this winter. Miss Jackson is principal of the Roachdale high school.

Miss Pauline Dietrick and Miss Mildred O'Hair left Sunday for Oldenburg Academy. They will enter school there.

Mrs. George Field, of Terre Haute, who has been here the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Burks and other relatives, returned to her home Sunday.

Dr. Olney, former Spauldust osteopath of this city, is spending a few days in the city. He is gradually recovering from the injuries he received in a motorcycle wreck.

Miss Olivia Vollia left for Lebanon Saturday where she will teach Latin in the high school of that city. Miss Vollia taught in the local high school several years.

Ed Nance, proprietor of the Maple Lane Creamery, is about to purchase the Greencastle Creamery, which is in financial straits and about to be sold.—Brazil News.

The Herald is in receipt of a letter from Dr. S. W. Hopkins, president of the Board of Health, Los Angeles, whose wife is a former Greencastle woman stating that Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins intend to visit Greencastle on their return from Chattanooga, where they go to attend the G. A. R. encampment. They will be here about the last of the month.

The engagement of Miss Mary Coffing of Covington to William Dunlap, of Attica, has been announced. The wedding will take place October 2. Mr. Dunlap is a Purdue graduate class of 1908, and is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. Miss Coffing has visited in this city many times and is well known here.—Lafayette Journal.—Miss Coffing formerly resided in Greencastle and is well known here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Humston and little daughter, Frances, arrived home last night from a week's visit with relatives and friends in Chicago. Mr. Humston will remain here with his family until Monday when he returns to Bloomington to resume his duties as city passenger and ticket agent for the Monon. Traveling Passenger Agent W. W. Gilgis has been relieving Mr. Humston.—Bloomington Telephone.—Mr. Thompson formerly lived in Greencastle and has many friends here.

Miss Margaret Maloney spent Sunday with relatives in Crawfordsville. Mrs. Ben Garrell, of Indianapolis, is here visiting friends and relatives. Thomas Talburt spent Sunday in Knightsville.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Throop visited relatives in Carbon Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Collier, of Terre Haute, are visiting J. L. Rindel of this city.

Miss Verna Lewis left for Carpentersville where she will teach in the public schools the coming year.

Daniel Ernigh has returned to his home in Hammond after a short visit with relatives in this city.

Theodore Davis, of Columbus, O., has returned for the opening of DePauw.

Miss Nona McAllister, court stenographer, visited friends and relatives in Caron Sunday.

Miss Edith Ragan will teach in the Illinois State Normal this winter. She left for Charleston Saturday.

Lawrence and Wm. Small have returned from Syracuse, N. Y., where they have spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Riley, of Pennsylvania, are here visiting with relatives and friends.

Dr. T. A. Sigler has returned from New York where he attended a veterinary association meeting.

Howard Joslin, of Seattle, Wash., who has been here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Joslin, has returned to his home.

Miss Tessa Evans, has resumed her position at the head of the Latin department in the Boonville high school.

American Express Agent Edward Stone released a coop of homing pigeons sent here from Mishawaka Sunday morning at 7 o'clock.

The S. C. C. club will meet with Miss Lella Talbott on east Hanna street, Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Miss Anna Cannon has returned to Mt. Carmel, Ill., where she will resume her work as musical director in the public schools.

The New Era Club will meet with Mrs. E. E. Sharp on south Locust street tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Fred Thomas went to Indianapolis this morning where he will work for the Sidel Buggy Company at the State Fair Grounds, during the state fair.

The Brazil News publishes the following list of Brazil young people who will attend DePauw this year: Misses Marcia and Winifred Jenne, Chrystal Finley, Josephine Wardlow, Frances Eli, Alberta Dinkel and Rennie Jenkins, Messrs. Emery and Robert Muncie, and Ray Northway.

Charles Easham, who works for the True & True Lumber Co., got his hand in a circular band saw, Saturday morning, and the member was badly lacerated. Mr. Easham will not be able to work for some time.

C. C. Johns, of Tacoma, Wash., who was here to attend the Johns family reunion, left today for Terre Haute and Chicago. From Chicago he will go to his home, where he is engaged in the real estate business.

Mrs. Tilden Greer, of Indianapolis, who has been here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Ellis, has returned home. Mrs. Ellis entertained Saturday afternoon in honor of her guest.

The marriage of Miss Marie Howe and Carl Steeg will take place the morning of Oct. 8 at the Central Christian church. The at-home announcement is for 2112 North Delaware street after Nov. 15.—Indianapolis Star.—Carl Steeg is a former Greencastle boy and is well known here.

W. S. Hall, of Alexandria, Ind., is here visiting Wes Sellers and family and Frank Roberts and family. Mr. Hall lived in Greencastle years ago. He removed from Greencastle to Bainbridge where he ran a store for several years. Twenty years ago he moved to Alexandria. He will spend the winter in Portland, Oregon, with his son, Cecil Hall.

The Monon had a small wreck one mile south of Putnamville, Friday night about 12:30 o'clock. A freight train pulled in two while going at a high rate of speed. The air failed to set the brakes of the loose cars and when the engineer stopped the train the loose cars crashed into it. No one was hurt and very little damage was done.

COAL

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Daniel Kelley
Phone 70

Daniel Craft, of Reelsville, was in town today.

Fred Goodwine, of Danville, spent Sunday with his family.

Rev. Reed's family will spend the winter in California.

Dr. Salem B. Towne has gone to Bay View for a ten days' rest.

Earl Lane, Ferd Lucas and Reese Matson are squirrel hunting today.

Mrs. Mary Vermillion, of Anderson, is visiting Miss Dorothy Arnold.

Fred Griffith, of Danville, spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield Fitchett, of Indianapolis, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crawley.

Jesse Holloway, of Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mrs. Holloway has been here for several days.

Mrs. Margaret Mathews, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. King in Chicago, has returned home.

Mrs. Birch and Miss Helen Birch who are visiting in Plainfield, will return home this evening.

Mrs. J. T. Stanley has returned to her home in Denver after visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Wright and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cohn at Belle Union.

Russell Newgent and Robert Newgent were down from Indianapolis to spend Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. Kathryn Pfeifferberger, who recently fell and fractured her hip, is gradually improving.

Mrs. Fred Thompson has returned to St. Louis after spending several weeks with relatives.

C. L. Jones has returned to Cisco, Texas, after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. E. E. Beyer returned to her home in New York City Saturday after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jones.

Mrs. Berta Coffman and son and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Huffman attended the Coffman reunion in Roachdale Sunday.

Jim Hurst went to Indianapolis this morning and will assist L. T. Hurst, with his State Fair display, during the week.

Miss Helen Gainer has returned to her home in Logansport after several days' visit with Mrs. J. P. Hughes and Mrs. J. F. Cannon.

Mitchell Tillotson, son of the Rev. Demetrius Tillotson, has returned from Crawfordsville, where he has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Spencer Norton, of Bedford, and Mrs. James A. Moag of Indianapolis, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Christie.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Lyons and son Robert, of Bloomington, who have been visiting Mrs. Lyons' parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Joslin, have returned home.

Miss Florence Talburt, who teaches in Hymara, Ind., is home for the week, her school has been postponed another week on account of the extreme heat.

Julius Bryan, of Greencastle, was in the city today for a few hours. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan are chaperoning a party who are camping on Gold Creek, west of Centerton, for a few days.—Martinsville Reporter.

Ward Byrkit went to Goshen this morning to attend the wedding of his uncle, T. W. Vanmeter of Philadelphia and Miss Mildred Stonix, of Goshen, which will be at the home of the bride's parents Tuesday morning.

Every member of College Avenue Sunday school is invited to a watermelon social on the lawn at the home of Mrs. A. P. Burnside Tuesday evening from 4:30 to 6 o'clock. In case of rain the social will be Wednesday evening.

The trial of Robert Frazier, arrested Saturday on a charge of assault, sworn out by his wife, will be before Squire Frank, September 16. Frazier gave a bond of \$100 for his appearance for trial. Mary Frazier, his wife, charged that he struck her and she filed the assault charge against him. Charles Pitts, brother of Mrs. Frazier, then filed charges to provoke against him.

The second annual reunion of the King family was held yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. King near Reelsville. Besides the living in this city and county members were in attendance from Indianapolis, Coatesville, Clayton and Chrisman, Ill. A bountiful dinner was served about seventy-five persons being seated at the long table under the trees. The day was spent in a quiet way and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Fred Ford, of Bainbridge, who was arrested and sent to jail to await trial for bootlegging and visiting a gambling house, decided Saturday that the best thing he could do was to plead guilty. Judge Hughes allowed him that privilege and fined him \$75, which Ford paid. Ford admitted that he sold a half pint of whiskey on July 4. The second charge, that of visiting a gambling house, was dismissed after Ford had pleaded guilty to the former.

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Notes of Circuit Court.

The case of Mary C. Strother against Joseph Strother, asking divorce, has been dismissed in the Putnam Circuit court.

The receiver of the Bainbridge Canning company has asked the court that he be allowed to borrow some money with which to conduct the business of the plant and the judge has granted the request.

MISS BERNICE CRAIG TO STUDY IN BERLIN

A very enjoyable event occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Winter Craig, Saturday evening, Aug. 20th, when the Philathea class of Guilford College surprised their daughter Miss Bernice, with a handkerchief shower. There were handkerchiefs galore from the dainty bits of linen elaborately hand-embroidered to handkerchiefs suitable for bad colds and homesickness.

Miss Craig, a young lady of rare talent, has been head of the music department of Guilford College for the past four years. On September 2 she will sail for Berlin where she will specialize in music.

The young ladies present were delightfully entertained by classical selections rendered by their hostess followed by a luscious melon feast.

On departing the following young ladies wrote their names in a hand-painted autograph album, presented by the class: Misses Aniba and Pearl Ballinger, Ida Mills, Minnie Hoffman, Nell Donk, Mabelle Crutchfield, Margaret Peele, Mammie Anderson, Mary E. White, Nellie Knight, Christine Frazier, Alice Smith, Margaret Davis, Mary Lambeth, Mildred Blackburne and Mrs. Mary E. Davis.—Greencastle, N. C., News, Sept. 2.

Robert Teague and Miss Esther White spent Sunday with Miss May Smith of Brazil.

"DRYS" WILL NOT DISMISS APPEAL

(Continued from Page One)
attack the redistricting ordinance passed by the council a short time ago, which ordinance places the business district of the town in the second ward. The second ward was made dry by remonstrance soon after the ordinance was passed.

University Announcement.

All persons desiring to rent rooms to young lady students must file their application in the President's office with a signed pledge to observe the regulations of the college for young women in the dormitories. Blanks for application will be forwarded upon request.

R. A. Masons.

Stated convocation of Greencastle chapter, No. 22, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

M. S. Miller, H. P. E. E. Caldwell, Secretary.

SCHOOLS BOOKS NOW READY AT SAYERS BOOK STORE.**\$1.65 CHICAGO EXCURSION \$1.65****Monon Route.**

Sunday, Sept. 14th. Special train leaves Greencastle at 5:20 a. m. Fare \$1.65 for round trip. For further information call phone 59.

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